

Johnny, the Newsboy, and I
Something more than a year ago, as the writer was sitting in the cars, going West, a pleasant voice sung out: "Paper, sir; paper, sir; morning paper, lady?"

There was nothing new in the words, nothing new to see a small boy with a package of papers under his arm, but the voice, so low and musical, its clear, tender tones mellow as a flute, called up hallowed memories.

One look at the large, brown eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of nut brown curls, the pinched cheeks, and his history was known.

"What is your name, my boy?" I asked as, half blinded by tears, I reached out my hand for a paper.

"Johnny," the last name I did not catch.

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yes; I've been to school some," glancing out of the window to see if there was necessity of haste.

I had a little brother, once, whose name was Johnny. He had the same brown hair and tender, loving eyes, and perhaps it was on this account I felt very much like throwing my arms around Johnny's neck, and kissing him on the thin cheek.

A long, shrill whistle, with another short and peremptory, and Johnny must be off. There was nothing to choose, my little Testament, with its neat binding and pretty steel clasp, was in Johnny's hand.

There was a movement, we were off. I strained my eyes out of the window after Johnny, but did not see him, and shutting him, I dreamed what was in store for him—not forgetting his love and care for this destitute, tender voiced boy.

A month ago I made the same journey, and passed over the same railroad track.

Hailing for a moment's respite at one of the many places of the way, what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, healthier, with the same eyes and pure voice.

"I've thought of you, lady," I wanted to tell you that it's all the little book.

"The little book has done it all," I carried it home and father read it. He was out of work then, and mother cried over it.

At first I thought it was a wicked book to make them feel so bad, but the more they read it the more they cried and it's all been different since. It's all the little book; we live in a better house now, and father don't drink, and mother says 'I will be all right again.'

Dear little Johnny, he had to talk so fast, but his eyes were bright and sparkling, and his brown face all aglow.

"I'm not selling many papers now, and father says may be I can go to school this fall."

Never did I so crave a moment of time. But now, the cars were in motion. Johnny lingered as long as prudence would allow.

"It's all the little book," sounded in my ears; the little book that told of Jesus, and his love for poor, perishing men. What a change! A comfortable home, no more a slave to strong drink. Hope was in the hearts of the parents, health mantled the cheeks of the children. From the gloom of despair to a world of light, from being poor and friendless, the little book told them of One mighty to save, the precious Elder Brother, with a heart all tenderness, all love.

Would that all the Johnnies who sell papers, and fathers that drink, and mothers that weep over the ruins of once happy homes, took to their wretched dwellings the book that tells of Jesus and His love! And not only these, but all the Johnnies that have no parents, living in cellars, and sleeping in filth and wretchedness—would that they could learn from this little book what a friend they have in Jesus.—S. S. Times.

A Hard Voyage.

The sad story of the Diamond shows that, even on the much-frequented route from Liverpool to New York, the sail alone is but an uncertain reliance in case of mishap. This vessel, commanded by Capt. Trale, left the great English port on the 7th of November, 1836, with an ample supply of food and water for a voyage across the Atlantic to New York, thence down the American sea-board to Charleston, and finally back to Liverpool. But on Christmas Eve, when well on toward the place of her destination, the Diamond encountered a storm which carried away all the three masts, and these in falling snapped off the main and foreyards. So severe was the shock that the timbers were in many places loosened, the cargo shifted about, the water-casks started, the provision-casks were stove in, and the vessel shipped much water. The wind was then favorable for a week; but on New-year's it turned dead against them, and the Diamond was drifting about during the whole of January. So early as the first week in December, Captain Trale had foreseen the probability of a tedious and prolonged voyage, and had warned all on board to be prudent and careful of the provisions. The occurrence of the disaster on Christmas Eve led to a reduction of the chief cabin rations to a level with those of the steerage passengers. There were 180 passengers, and a crew that raised the number of souls to considerably more than 200, in a ship under-provisioned for nearly all the passengers were to land at New York, and the calculation as to food had been based on the supposition that there would be few persons besides the crew on the coasting voyage to Charleston, and the home voyage to Liverpool. The crew were placed on very short allowance, till they reached port. But the steerage passengers were distressingly placed. The Diamond was one among many vessels in which at that time, the emigrants had to rely pretty much on their own resources for food. When these resources were getting low, all scraps of food were eagerly treasured up; potatoes, peaches and cabbage-stumps were prized; flour was sold by the shilling, the crown, and at last by the half-sovereign, per pint, to some of the passengers who had money to spare. Matters went at length so far that a pound of stinking was offered and refused for a roasted potato! No wonder that, after a voyage of a hundred days from Liverpool, when the Diamond entered New York in the first week of February, Capt. Trale had to report the death of some of his passengers through insufficiency of food.—New York Times.

A Western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his paper is intolerably "damp," says: "That's because there is so much due on it."—Boston Herald.

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She cats cold victuals, sir."

JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

Tight Boots.

I would just like to know who the man was who first invented the boots.

He must have bin a narrow and kop-tracked cuss.

If he still lives, I hope he has repented of his sin, or is enjoying grate agony, or some kind.

I have bin in a grate munny tite spots in mi life, but generally could manage to make them average; but there is no such thing as making a pair of tite boots average.

Yu kan't git an average on the pinch of a tite boot, enny more than yu can on the bite of a lobster.

Enny man who kan wear a pair of tite boots, and be humble, and penitent, and not indulge in profane literature, will make a good husband.

He will do more than that, he will do to divide up into several fust klass husbands, and be made to answer for a whole naberhood.

Oh! for the pen of the departed Wm. Shakspear, to write an anathema against tite boots, that would make anshunt Rome wake up and howl agin, as she did once before on a previous ockashun.

Oh! for the strength of Herkules, to tare into shu strigs all the tite boots of creashun and skatter them to the 8 winds of heaven.

Oh! for the buty of Venus, to make a bigg foot look hansum without a tite boot on it.

Oh! for the payshunce of Job, the Apostle, to tuss a tite boot and bless it, and even pra for one a size smaller and more pinchful.

Oh! for a pair of boots bigg enuff for the foot of a mountain.

I have been led into the above assortment of "Ohs" from having in my posseshun, at this moment, a pair of number nine boots, with a pair of number eleven feet in them.

My feet are az a dog's noze the fust time he wears a muzzel.

I think mi feet will eventually choke the boots to death.

I live in hopes they will.

I supposed I had lived long enuff not to be phooled agin in this way, but I have found that an ounce of vanity weighs more than a pound of reason, especially when a man mistakes a big foot for a small one.

A void tite boots, mi friend, as you would the grip of the devil, for many a man has caught for life a fust rate habit of swearing by encouraging his feet to hurt his boots.

I have promised mi two feet, at least a dozen of times during my cheekured life, that they never should be strangled agin, but I find them to day az full of pain az the stummuk ake from a sudden attack of tite boots.

But this is solemnly the last pair of tite boots I will ever wear; I will hereafter wear boots az big as mi feet, if I have to go barefoot to do it.

I am too old and too respectable to be a phool enny more.

Eazy boots is one of the luxuries of life, but I forgot what the other luxury is, but I don't know as I care; provided I can git rid of this pair of tite boots.

Enny man kan hav them for seven dollars, just half what they kost, and if they don't make his feet ake wuss than an angle worm in hot ashes, he needn't pay for them.

Mathuseler is the only man that I kan call to mind now who could have afforded to have wore tite boots and enjoyed them; he had a grate deal of waste time to be miserabul in, but life now a days is too short, and too full of actual business to phool away enny of it on tite boots.

Tite boots are an insult to enny man's understanding.

He who wears tite boots will have to acknowledge the corn.

Tite boots have no bowels of mercy, their insides are wrath and promiskous cussing.

Beware of tite boots.

JUMPING INTO MATRIMONY.—Marriage is unquestionably as decided a turning-point in human destiny as can be. It is, however, a turning-point which, least of all, should be left to mere blind chance.

Yet mere blind chance often rules the result. Everybody now recollects how Lord Byron staked on a toss-up whether he should make his offer to Miss Millbank or not.

Mr. Grant asserts that there is an English Duke now living, who wrote the following letter, when Marquis, to a friend with whom he had agreed to inspect some earriages at Long Acre: "It will not be necessary to meet me to-morrow to go to Long Acre to look for a carriage. From a remark made by the Duke (his father) to-day, I fancy I am going to be married."

Not only had the Marquis left his father to choose a bride for him and to make the other necessary matrimonial arrangements, but when the intimation was made to him by the Duke, that the future Marchioness had been fixed on, he seemed to view the whole affair as if it had been one which did not concern him in the least.

We have a similar anecdote of the late Duke of Sutherland: "On the morning of the day of his marriage, a friend of his found him leaning carelessly over the railing at the edge of the water in St. James Park, and throwing crumbs of bread to the ducks.

His friend, surprised to see him at such a place, and so engaged, within two hours of the appointed time for his marriage to one of the first women in England—one in whose veins the blood of the Howards flowed—exclaimed: 'What! you here to-day! I thought you were going to be married this morning?'

'Yes,' was his answer, given with the most perfect nonchalance, and throwing a few more crumbs to the ducks, without moving from the railing on which he was leaning.—'Yes, I believe I am.' I should hope that sensible men do not often leave the choice of a wife to be determined in this indiscriminate way.—London Society.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—Tew break a mule—commence at the head.

Tew make light bread—do az bakars do, call it ounces a pound.

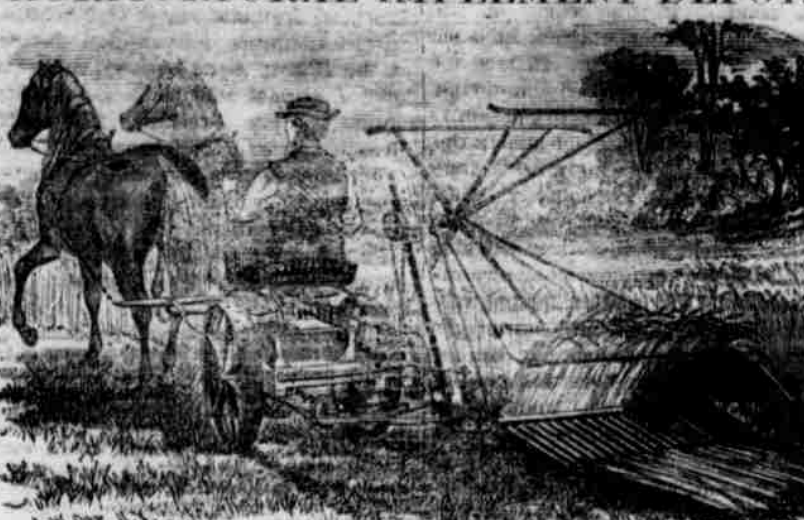
Tew milk a kicken cow—stand oph about ten foot and holler, "So! darn you."

Tew git at the solid contents of your wife's tongue—be very sweet with the skol man in your distrikt.

Tew make oxtail soup—bile an ox in a pot, and let the caudal continuation hang over the edge of the pot and drip.—Josh Billings' Almanac.

If a man is given to liquor, see that liquor is not given to him.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT DEPOT.



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1 copper still and fixtures, the property of Wash. Hamrick, of Union county.
1 copper still and fixtures, the property of Jasper Morton, of Union county.
1 copper still and fixtures, the property of Armistead Heron, of Union county.
1 copper still and fixtures, the property of George W. Tindal, of Union county.
1 copper still and fixtures, the property of William Griffin, of Union county.
2 copper stills and fixtures, the property of Henry Simpson, of McMinn county.
30 gallons of Whisky, the property of Jos. McKelvey, of Monroe county.
15 gallons of Whisky, the property of Pleasant Short, of McMinn county.
25 gallons of Whisky, the property of Samuel Dean, of Polk county.

All seized by me for violation of the United States Revenue laws.
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Collector.

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HART'S GREAT RELIEF WILL RELIEVE
Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Bruises, Pleurisy, Croup, Toothache, Fainting, Fits, Dolorous Sprains, or Spasm, Headache, Frost Bites, Stomachic, Fever, Sore, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Stomachic, Hysteria, Pneumonia, Chills and

Erysipelas, Inflammation, Paralysis, Cuts, Chills, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Asthma, Piles, Cholera, Morbus, Pain in the

Breast or Side, Difficult Breathing, Cramps in the Stomach, Dysentery or Diarrhea, Falls and Accidents, or whatever your Complaint may be.

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IS WARRANTED
As an immediate cure for the Toothache, caused by decay. It also cures seariness of gums and causes them to harden and adhere to the teeth; it cures gum boils, breaks all sores of the gums; it soothes and soothes the breath; applied to the swollen gums it gives great relief with children that are teething; it is a perfectly harmless remedy, but must be used according to directions to get promised relief.

Who would suffer with this most distressing affliction, when ONE 25 CENT BOTTLE WILL CURE INSTANTLY NEURALGIA?

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Stop the little cough or soreness of the throat and Lungs in time, and HART'S LOZENGES WILL DO IT. TRY THEM.

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The proprietors take the liberty of stating to the public that no more perfect remedy (and one so easily carried for the cure of the above-mentioned diseases) exists in the world, being entirely vegetable and containing no sugar of lead or other noxious drug or mineral. And they would further say that the preparation has met the hearty approval of numerous physicians who have used it.

DIRECTIONS:
To adults, a tablespoonful after each passage, or four times a day. To children under ten, a half-teaspoonful as required. To children under five a teaspoonful. To children under two or three, a half-teaspoonful, as required, and by carefully administering as directed it will never fail.

Hart's Magnolian Cough Drops.

PRICE PER BOTTLE 25 CENTS.
This medicine can confidently be recommended for all diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Croup, Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Spasmodic. It does not act as an emetic or purge, but by relaxing the bowels, reduces the inflammation, hence performs a thorough cure.

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